Tom's Coffee House
Devereux Court Dec. 13

AN Evening CONTEMPLATION

IN A

COLLEGE.

11630.c.4
20

Being a PARODY on the

ELEGY

IN

K.

A Country Church-Yard.

By another GENTLEMAN of *CAMBRIDGE.*

LONDON:
Printed for R. and J. DODSLEY in Pall-mall; and Sold by M. COOPER in Pater-noster-Row. 1753.
[Price Six-pence.]

LONDON:

A Comedy

IN

E. I. E. C. Y

BEING A PARODY OF THE

COLLEGE

IN

EARNEST CONTEMPLATION

Advertiſement.

THE Author of the excellent POEM *on which the following* PARODY *is built, it is hop'd will forgive this innocent Play upon it; which a ſincere admiration of its beauties invited the Parodiſt to attempt: and if it ſhould be thought there is any merit in this Imitation, it muſt be attributed in a great meaſure to his working after ſo fine an Original.*

AN

Evening CONTEMPLATION

IN A

COLLEGE.

THE Curfew tolls the hour of closing gates,
With jarring sound the porter turns the key,
Then in his dreary mansion slumb'ring waits,
And slowly, sternly quits it---tho' for me.

Now shine the spires beneath the paly moon,
And thro' the cloyster Peace and Silence reign,
Save where some fidler scrapes a drowsy tune,
Or copious bowls inspire a jovial strain:

Save

Save that in yonder cobweb-mantled room,
Where lies a ſtudent in profound repoſe
Oppreſs'd with ale, wide-echos thro' the gloom
The droning muſic of his vocal noſe.

Within thoſe walls, where thro' the glimm'ring ſhade
Appear the pamphlets in a mold'ring heap,
Each in his narrow bed till morning laid,
The peaceful fellows of the college ſleep.

The tinkling bell proclaiming early pray'rs,
The noiſy ſervants rattling o'er their head,
The calls of buſineſs, and domeſtic cares,
Ne'er rouze theſe ſleepers from their downy bed.

No chatt'ring females crowd their ſocial fire,
No dread have they of diſcord and of ſtrife;
Unknown the names of huſband and of ſire,
Unfelt the plagues of matrimonial life.

Oft have they bask'd along the ſunny walls,
Oft have the benches bow'd beneath their weight,
How jocund are their looks when dinner calls!
How ſmoke the cutlets on their crowded plate!

O let

O let not Temp'rance too-diſdainful hear
How long our feaſts, how long our dinners laſt;
Nor let the fair with a contemptuous ſneer
On theſe unmarry'd men reflections caſt!

The ſplendid fortune and the beauteous face
(Themſelves confeſs it and their fires bemoan)
Too ſoon are caught by ſcarlet and by lace:
Theſe ſons of Science ſhine in black alone.

Forgive, ye fair, th' involuntary fault,
If theſe no feats of gayety diſplay,
Where thro' proud Ranelagh's wide-echoing vault
Melodious Frafi trills her quav'ring lay.

Say, is the ſword well ſuited to the band,
Does broider'd coat agree with ſable gown,
Can Dreſden's laces ſhade a churchman's hand,
Or Learning's vot'ries ape the beaux of town?

Perhaps in theſe time-tott'ring walls reſide
Some who were once the darlings of the fair;
Some who of old could taſtes and faſhions guide,
Controul the manager and awe the play'r.

But Science now has fill'd their vacant mind
With Rome's rich ſpoils and Truth's exalted views;
Fir'd them with tranſports of a nobler kind,
And bade them ſlight all females---but the Muſe.

Full many a lark, high-tow'ring to the ſky,
Unheard, unheeded greets th' approach of light;
Full many a ſtar, unſeen by mortal eye,
With twink'ling luſtre glimmers thro' the night.

Some future HERRING, that with dauntleſs breaſt
Rebellion's torrent ſhall like him oppoſe;
Some mute, ſome thoughtleſs HARDWICKE here may reſt,
Some PELHAM, dreadful to his country's foes.

From prince and people to command applauſe,
'Midſt ermin'd peers to guide the high debate,
To ſhield Britannia's and Religion's laws,
And ſteer with ſteady courſe the helm of ſtate.

Fate yet forbids; nor circumſcribes alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confines;
Forbids in Freedom's veil t' inſult the throne,
Beneath her maſk to hide the worſt deſigns,

To fill the madding crowd's perverted mind
With "Penſions, Taxes, Marriages, and Jews;"
Or ſhut the gates of heav'n on loſt mankind,
And wreſt their darling hopes, their future views.

Far from the giddy town's tumultuous ſtrife,
Their wiſhes yet have never learn'd to ſtray;
Content and happy in a ſingle life
They keep the noiſeleſs tenor of their way.

Ev'n now their books from cobwebs to protect,
Inclos'd by doors of glaſs, in Doric ſtyle,
On fluted pillars rais'd, with bronzes deck'd,
They claim the paſſing tribute of a ſmile.

Oft are the authors' names, tho' richly bound,
Miſ-ſpelt by blund'ring binders' want of care;
And many a catalogue is ſtrow'd around,
To tell th' admiring gueſt what books are there.

For who, to thoughtleſs Ignorance a prey,
Neglects to hold ſhort dalliance with a book?
Who there but wiſhes to prolong his ſtay,
And on thoſe caſes caſts a ling'ring look?

Reports attract the lawyer's parting eyes,
Novels Lord Fopling and Sir Plume require;
For ſongs and plays the voice of Beauty cries,
And Senſe and Nature Grandiſon deſire.

For thee, who mindful of thy lov'd compeers
Doſt in theſe lines their artleſs tales relate,
If Chance, with prying ſearch, in future years,
Some antiquarian ſhall enquire thy fate,

Haply ſome friend may ſhake his hoary head
And ſay, 'Each morn, unchill'd by froſts, he ran,
'With hoſe ungarter'd, o'er yon turfy bed,
'To reach the chapel ere the pſalms began.

'There in the arms of that lethargic chair,
'Which rears it's moth-devoured back ſo high,
'At noon he quaff'd three glaſſes to the fair,
'And por'd upon the news with curious eye.

'Now by the fire, engag'd in ſerious talk
'Or mirthful converſe, would he loit'ring ſtand;
'Then in the garden choſe a ſunny walk,
'Or launch'd the poliſh'd bowl with ſteady hand;

' One morn we miſs'd him at the hour of pray'r
' Beſide the fire, and on his fav'rite green;
' Another came, nor yet within the chair,
' Nor yet at bowls, nor chapel was he ſeen.
' The next we heard that in a neighb'ring ſhire
' That day to church he led a bluſhing bride;
' A nymph, whoſe ſnowy veil and maiden fear
' Improv'd her beauty while the knot was ty'd.
' Now by his patron's bounteous care remov'd,
' He roves enraptur'd thro' the fields of Kent;
' Yet ever mindful of the place he lov'd,
' Read here the letter which he lately ſent.'

The LETTER.

" In rural innocence ſecure I dwell,
" Alike to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
" Approving Conſcience cheers my humble cell,
" And ſocial Quiet marks me for her own.

" Next

" Next to the bleſſings of Religious Truth
" Two gifts my endleſs gratitude engage ;
" A wife, the joy and tranſport of my youth,
" Now, with a ſon, the comfort of my age.
" Seek not to draw me from this kind retreat,
" In loftier ſpheres unfit, untaught to move ;
" Content with calm, domeſtic life, where meet
" The ſmiles of Friendſhip and the ſweets of Love."

FINIS.